

# LONDON VOCALIST.



## THE RIDE.

OR TRAB. TRAB, TRAE

I ONCE a ride was taking,  
My own beloved to see;  
Her love was then awaking,  
And thus she spoke to me;  
Ah, most adored, I see  
He's hastening fast to me?  
Trip, trip, trip, trip, trip boldly,  
Trip, trip, trip, trip, trip speedily,  
Trip, trip, &c.

My prancing steed to meet her,  
I quickly spurr'd along,  
My spirit yearned to greet her,  
And wait her for my own.  
My joy, my beauteous fair!  
Why dost thou tarry there!  
Trip, trip, trip, trip, trip boldly,  
Trip, trip, trip, quick to me.  
Trip, trip, &c.

From off my horse alighting,  
I tied him to a tree,  
And low our hearts delighting,  
Oh, was so sad as we.  
A garden walk we took,  
She gave an angel's look,  
Trip, trip, trip, trip, trip boldly,  
Trip, trip, trip not away.  
Trip, trip, &c.

I sat me down beside her,  
And much we sung and said;  
But sure I did not chide her,  
For love our converse led:  
Oh, dea one tell me why,  
The tear fell from thine eye!  
Trip, trip, trip, trip, trip boldly,  
Trip, trip, trip love away.  
Trip, trip, &c.

## Uncle Ned.

I ONCE knew a nigger and his name was  
Uncle Ned,  
But he's gone dead long ago;  
He's got no wool on the top of his head,  
In the place where wool ought to grow.

Hand up the shovel and the hoe,  
Lay down the fiddle and the bow,  
There's no more work for poor old Ned,  
He's gone where the good niggers go.

His nails were as long as the cane in the  
break,

He's got no eyes for to see,  
He's got no teeth to eat the oat cake,  
He's forced to let the oat cake be.  
Hand up the shovel, &c.

On a cold frosty morning this nigger he died  
In the churchyard they laid him low,  
And the niggers all said that they were  
afraid,

His like they never should know.  
Hand up the shovel, &c.

## The Cavalier

IT was a beautiful night,  
And the stars shone bright,  
And the moon on the waters played  
When a gay cavalier,  
As a bower drew near,  
A lady to serenade.  
To tenderest words,  
He swept the chords,  
While many a sigh breathed he,  
And o'er and o'er,  
He fondly swore,  
Sweet maid, I love but thee,  
Sweet maid, sweet maid, I love but thee.

He raised his eyes,  
To the lattice high,  
While fondly breathed his hopes,  
With amazement he sees,  
Swing about in the breeze,  
Already a ladder of ropes!  
Up, up, he has gone—  
The bird has flown!  
"What's this on the ground?" quoth he,  
It is plain that she loves—  
Here's some gentleman's gloves,  
And they never belonged to me,  
These gloves, these gloves, they never be-  
longed to me.

You all would have thought  
He'd have followed and fought,  
That being the duelling age,  
But this gay cavalier,  
Quite scorn'd the idea,  
Of putting himself in a rage.  
More wise by far  
He put up his guitar,  
And as homeward he went sung he,  
"When a lady elopes  
Down a ladder of ropes,  
She may go to Hong Kong for me,  
She may go, she may go to Hong Kong

## Yes I have dared to Love Thee.

YES I have dared to love thee,  
Cold and senseless though I seem.  
And sweet have been the phantasies,  
Of this my heart's first dream.

The sun does not a brighter beam,  
On all creation pour,  
Than that which now lights up the mind  
Where all was dark before.

Alike he shines on hill and dale,  
On valley, mount and sea,  
And as he is to one of these—  
Thou'rt even that to me.

'Twas not thy beauty that enthralld  
And yet thy form is fair,  
The painter's eye would love to dwell  
On all the graces there.

It was thy mental loveliness,  
That bound my soul to thine.  
And made me dream of happiness,  
Oh can it ere be mine!

Thy magic tones have lured me  
Into paths before untrod,  
And led my wandering spirit back  
A captive to its God.

Yes, still this lonely heart must love  
E'en I knew not how well,  
Until the blight of sickness  
On thy youthful beauty fell,

I thought 'twas admiration  
And esteem I felt before,  
But then I knew I lived,  
And in that hour I loved thee more,

Then chide me not, if I confess,  
My heart's no longer free,  
Thou hast made me love thee lovely,  
Then can I help loving thee.